

The Character

O F A

GOOD WOMAN.

9. Sept. 1697

Shou'd my presumptuous *Muse* pretend to draw
 A *Woman*, which few Ages ever saw;
 Like bold *Prometheus*, she must rob the Skies,
 To shew what *Nature* did of old devise:
 How *GOD*, to make One absolutely True,
 A Pious *A N N E*, or Blessed *V I R G I N* drew;
 On whom the Vertues so profusely thrown,
 Are since but seldom, and but thinly sown:
 As if the Maker had turn'd Prodigal,
 And in creating Those, exhausted All.

Hence then, *Profaneness*, and no more disperse
 Your sawcy Censures in detracting Verse:
 No more let *Eve* the Female Glories stain,
 Since what she lost, Another did regain:
 One, by whose Life it's plainly understood,
 'Tis possible a *Woman* may be Good:
 Who has no Minute, no small Sand to spare,
 And throw on idle, superstitious Care:
 Nor does she spend the Fragment of a Day,
 Like a Court-Lady, at a Ball or Play:
 Her Life's a Sacred Book, that teaches more
 Than Ten Fanaticks, that in Pulpits rore.
 Her Church is ev'ry where; so oft she prays,
 That where she treads, she consecrates the Place.
 So oft her Soul in pious Raptures flies,
 She lodges here, but lives within the Skies.
 Her Thoughts are staid, and in a Circle run,
 Obsequious, busie, constant as the Sun,
 Yet clear without his Spots; and like his Ray,
 Round all the Heav'ns she travels in a Day,
 Her Contemplation treads a brighter Way.
 She views each shining Saint, their Counsel knows,
 When Night perswades her to a sweet Repose,
 Her Soul, which in soft Slumbers had retir'd,
 New sprung from Angels Breath returns inspir'd.
 Early she wakes, and puts the Moon to flight,
 Who drives her Coach away, and thinks the Night
 Can need no other Help, no better Light.

Aurora,

Aurora, blushing, knows her Time to rise,
 Not by the prattling Birds, but by her Eyes;
 Which open, e'er the watchful Cock proclaims
 The Dawning of the Sun's approaching Flames.
 Then first tow'rd's Heav'n her eager Thoughts aspire,
 With burning Zeal, and a devout Desire;
 Her Pray'rs, like *Mandæ's* Angel, mount in Fire.

When *True Religion*, like a welcom Guest,
 Takes up her Lodging in a Noble Breast,
 The Troop of *Vertues* hasten at her Call,
 As at the Summons of a General.
 Thus arm'd within, the Female Saint neglects
 That outward Tinsel which adorns her Sex:
 For if Dame *Nature*, in a careless Haste,
 Has fram'd her of a coarse, unfashion'd Paste;
 Her Vertue recompenses that Miscare:

Religious Deformity is Fair.

But if, to shew his Excellence and Art,
 What at a stretch his Pencil could impart,
 The God shou'd draw fine Colours on her Face,
 And lock a Jewel in a Silver Case;
 She thanks her Maker on a double score,
 Much for her *Beauty*, for her *Vertue* more:
 Chaste, humble, courteous, sober, silent, wise,
 Brisk, but not wanton; grave, but not precise:
 Sincere, forgiving, honest, just, content,
 Gall-less as Doves, and like them innocent:
 So meek and patient, that, while she lives here,
 Nor *Job* nor *Moses* can be singular.
 Her Charity's diffusive, unconfin'd,
 Flies far and near, like a refreshing Wind,
 And like the wide-spread Sun-beams, warms Mankind:
 She counts This a Diversion far above
 The false Delights of Wantonness and Love.
 'Tis true, substantial Joy, to feed the Poor;
 The Charitable is an Epicure.

Her Tongue, that common Ill of Womankind,
 Yields to the nobler Language of the Mind.
 Her Life's a Miracle; her Zeal, a Flame;
 That burns for ever, and is still the Same.

L O N D O N, Printed for R. Baldwin near the Oxford-Arms-
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Where also may be had, *The Character of a Bad Woman.*